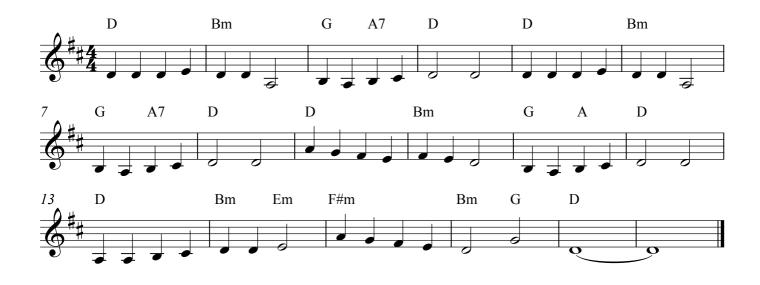
Good King Wenceslas

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1.Good King Wenceslas looked outOn the feast of StephenWhen the snow lay round aboutDeep and crisp and evenBrightly shone the moon that nightThough the frost was cruelWhen a poor man came in sightGath'ring winter fuel

2."Hither, page, and stand by meIf thou know'st it, tellingYonder peasant, who is he?Where and what his dwelling?""Sire, he lives a good league henceUnderneath the mountainRight against the forest fenceBy Saint Agnes' fountain."

3."Bring me flesh and bring me wineBring me pine logs hitherThou and I will see him dineWhen we bear him thither."Page and monarch forth they wentForth they went togetherThrough the rude wind's wild lamentAnd the bitter weather

4."Sire, the night is darker nowAnd the wind blows strongerFails my heart, I know not how,I can go no longer.""Mark my footsteps, my good pageTread thou in them boldlyThou shalt find the winter's rageFreeze thy blood less coldly."

5.In his master's steps he trod Where the snow lay dinted Heat was in the very sod Which the Saint had printed Therefore, Christian men, be sure Wealth or rank possessing Ye who now will bless the poor Shall yourselves find blessing